

OUR DUMB Animals

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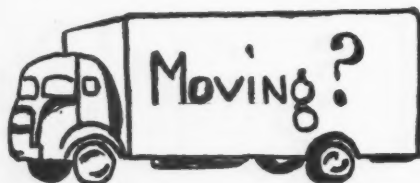
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Two Words

*C*RUELTY" and "brutality" are words we often use in describing many of the vicious practices we come in contact with in humane work. They are not pleasant words; in fact, they are ugly little nouns with which all of us are only too familiar.

We can read hardly a single page of history without shuddering at man's inhumanity to living creatures. Cruelty and brutality have caused the downfall of powerful nations, have driven men and animals to kill in self-defense.

The element of cruelty is present in our daily lives. We see it on the street, reflected in the hungry man, woman or child; in the columns of our daily papers; in the movies; on the stage; on television; in business; politics and government.

We see the element of cruelty in the child who shoots birds with an air-rifle "for the fun of it," and in adults who are willing to pay good money to see bullfights and rodeos.

The person who is cruel to his fellow human beings is likely to be more cruel to animals. Kindness, the great virtue, begets kindness, as we constantly see through our efforts along lines of Humane Education. The millions of members enrolled in our Junior Humane Societies represent an ever-growing army of new citizens inspired by the principles of mercy, kindness and justice.

Though we use the word "brutality," we always feel like apologizing to what we speak of as the brute creation because it is only the human animals who can be conscious of a cruel deed.

E. H. H.



BOOTS is a seven-year-old, fat little dog, weighs forty pounds and has four white legs.

She is owned by an elderly widower, A. R. Renwick, who lives across the street from a municipal golf course, and he says, "She's a clever one."

Boots, according to Renwick, is a good watchdog. If a stranger, animal or man, comes into the yard, Boots perks up her ears and barks, notifying the intruder she is aware of his presence.

After the golf course opened, next to Renwick's house, in January, Boots discovered a good game . . . that pays too! She collects golf balls.

Golfers who slice their drives from the first tee on the municipal course usually land about 160 yards away, somewhere in the vicinity of Renwick's property. Their sliced balls zoom over the six-foot high wire fence, which separates the course from the road and Renwick's house, and land in the shrubbery or yard near the house. And there Boots finds them.

She trots into the house with a found

"Having a Ball"

Golf,

that

is

By Ann Russell

. . . lost . . . ball in her mouth, lays it under the table where her dinner is served on the back porch and looks up as much as to say, "Now how about a biscuit, please?"

Renwick knows this smooth-coated black and white mongrel is a smart animal so he always manages to find something for her to eat. When she receives the food, she drops the ball from her mouth and the exchange is made . . . biscuit for ball.

"Boots has found over three hundred balls," Renwick claims, "since the course opened seven months ago."

In fact, she has quite a pile of lost . . . found . . . balls right now.

So, for an old lady who is putting on weight and getting grey around the eyebrows, Boots remains active, enjoying her hobby of collecting golf balls. And to be sure, Renwick is mighty proud of his dog.

"Oh! She can do tricks too . . . watch her roll over," Renwick cried, after my husband had used the last of his film.

Just take our word for it. Boots is intelligent.

"Equine Revels"

By Barbara Arguimbau

IT seems to me that animals are so much like humans, you have these unforgettable characters!

Blackie, an oversized black stock horse who had a "yawning cavity" for a stomach, and a galloping curiosity about other folks' gardens and grain bins was one of those characters.

Indeed, once he found his way into Farmer Parrishes' barn (about a mile from home) he made the trip several times without consulting anyone! One morning at 2 a.m. Farmer Parrish heard a great commotion in his barn and hastily dressed and went out to find the cause of it all.

Sure enough, it was "Blackie". He had first stopped at the bran mash bin in the barn and then went happily out to join the grazing cows. Blackie did seem a bit surprised to see Farmer Parrish and myself, not understanding the modern communication systems. Having a mind of his own, he naturally snorted a bit, and tried to keep from being saddled for the trip home.

After those mid-summer night rides we often put Blackie in his stall in the barn, where he kept up a continuous stamping—"calling for meals" or getting loose and greeting us at the barn door in the morning.

When he first went out to the pasture he would get down and roll like a "little boy", although the veterinarian said he was about 16 years old.

As you see in the photo he enjoyed a good horse laugh himself.



He drinks out of the pitcher when he's thirsty!

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OUR DUMB ANIMALS

***They had no flashy
tourist attraction
just a crow called . . .***

Blackie

By Jack Holden

I drove into the sleepy little town of Cross Village. In the center of the village, Edmund Barwienski's service station and grocery attracted me. In need of gas and wanting to stretch my legs after a long drive, I pulled in.

As the owner filled the tank, I walked around the car. He watched me with humorous eyes as I started into the station.

"Watch out for Blackie," his face split in a happy smile as if he thought I might be frightened of animals. "She won't bite but she likes to make noise."

"I was just wondering where your cigarettes were."

"Inside and to the left. Be right with you," he said.

Entering the station I was instantly attacked with a barrage of barking and threatening growls. I stood still, trying to find the dog, Blackie, I presumed. The only animal life visible in the room was a rather large and handsome black crow. It roosted on a small limb mounted to the wall in a corner. As I watched, the bird crouched lower and again I heard the angry barking of what I thought a small terrier.

"That's Blackie," the voice behind me said proudly. "Just ignore her and she'll shut up."

I watched more intently. Sure enough, as the barking continued, the feathers along the sleek neck rippled. The crow was barking at me. I watched as Mr. Barwienski walked over and acted like he was going to pick up Blackie. The beautiful black creature fluttered its wings and was gone through the open door behind me.

"Hates to be handled," he explained. "Can't even pick her up to pet her."

I asked them many questions about their strange friend. It all began a few years ago when an Indian brought them a small bundle of feathers that had fallen from its nest. They placed it in a box inside where it would be safe from harm. As Blackie grew, she also grew in their hearts. When she at last reached maturity and they expected her to leave, she stayed around.

The crow never enters the store through its open, connecting door. She seems to have an intuition that warns her she wouldn't be welcome in that part of the building. The barking noise just happened it seems and neither of Blackie's protectors can remember exactly when it began. Blackie listened to the dogs outside and started to mock them.

I asked if they had ever split her tongue as I had heard said was necessary to make one talk. "No," they said. Ed got rather angry and told me that splitting a crow's tongue was cruel.

"Could you talk with your tongue split?" he asked. "Heck no, you couldn't and that bird couldn't either. Forget all that talk and think of kindness to animals instead."

When the weather is warm and clear, Blackie roams at will. In the morning she leaves the station as the doors open and flies to the nearby woods. Sometimes they see her perched in a tree and hear her bark at other crows. If this doesn't get their attention, she reverts to the native caw of the crow and flies to meet them.

In a few hours, she returns, pecks at the door if it's closed and flies to her perch. In the darkened corner, she snuggles down to doze and wakens to bark at strangers as they enter. From her

corner, the bright eyes follow Edmund Barwienski about his work. She loves him more than anything else and always greets him with a loving yip when he approaches her.

That love was demonstrated to Mrs. Barwienski not long ago when he had to leave for a few days to attend a distant family wedding. Blackie sat on her perch for a week. She refused to go outside or even eat. She even failed to bark as strangers entered the station. Her eyes remained turned to the window constantly. Then at long last the familiar car turned into view. Blackie went into a frantic dance on the window ledge.

She waltzed back and forth fluttering her wings, alternately pecked and caressed the window and barked her joy. When Ed entered the room, she refused to let him leave. She walked around pulling at his pants cuff with her long bill. Blackie was happy; Ed was home.

That night, for the first time in a week, Blackie ate. It wasn't quite as simple as that though, because Ed had to feed her piece by piece a half pound of raw hamburger.

As I walked out to my car after talking to the Barwienski's, I looked for Blackie. She had her head stuck down in the water bucket drinking contentedly. At my approach, the head jerked up and those small, intelligent eyes fixed in my direction. With a yip, she flew to the top of a gas pump and from that vantage point, barked me a farewell as I drove away.



U.S. Biology Service



Rare Distinction

By Annette Lingelbach

SPUTNIK Turner, of Waterloo, Iowa, is a large, plump, contented, black and white cat. Despite her beauty, she is still only a common alley cat. Yet, she has a rare distinction, enjoyed by few cats, of having been brought to her present home by a dog.

This dog is named Rusty. He is a big, amiable, friendly, five-year-old boxer, who likes everybody, even cats.

He came home one cold, rainy day, carrying a kitten in his mouth. He apparently had found it along the road near the home of his owners, Mr. and Mrs. E. George Turner, where some heartless human had dropped it, "for better or for worse."

The kitten was soaked to the skin and chilled to the bone. It was so tiny that it didn't yet know how to eat, so Mrs. Turner fed it with an eye-dropper. Later, she taught it to drink milk by dipping its paws in the milk, after which it would lick the milk off, in the eternal struggle of a cat to always be spotlessly clean.

It soon washed itself into a state of extreme cleanliness, played like a child, and grew strong and lively. It was affectionate and happy.

"Best of all," beamed Mrs. Turner, "it cuddled up to my husband right from the start, licked his hand, and purred deep songs of affection to him. He fell madly in love with it, and treats it like a spoiled child. Before, he always liked dogs, but not cats. I've always been fond of both dogs and cats."

The Turners named the kitten Sputnik, because it came to them during the time that Sputnik the Second, with its dog passenger, was whirling through the skies. There again the kitten was associated with a dog.

Sputnik and Rusty play together, sleep together, and eat together. Each has his own dish. Sometimes when Rusty doesn't finish his meal, Sputnik does it for him. Their close friendship proves again that dogs and cats need not be enemies, but can live together in peace and friendliness; just as individuals, organizations, nations, races, and religions can, if they really want to try.

1st U. S. Dog Stamp

AT long last the United States is to have a "dog stamp." The Postmaster General has announced that on April 6th there will be issued a four-cent Arctic Explorations commemorative stamp featuring sled dogs. First sale of the stamp was at Cresson, Pennsylvania, birthplace of Admiral Robert E. Peary who exactly fifty years before discovered the North Pole with the aid of his dogs.

Issuance of this stamp follows strong efforts for a dog stamp over a period of many years by America's dog people.

The new stamp prominently displays a drawing of the Admiral and the sled dogs which hauled his assault team to the Pole. By way of contrasting the "old and new" methods of arctic exploration, a picture of the U.S. Navy's atomic submarine "Nautilus", is also part of the design. It is hoped that this new stamp will pave the way for other U.S. dog stamps in the future.

The new stamp, blue in color, has been authorized in an initial printing of 120 million. The artist is George Samerjan, of Katonah, N.Y., who has made a flight to the Arctic and to the North Pole, while making documentary sketches for the Air Force.

The Admiral never tired of stressing the importance of his dogs in getting his assault team to the North Pole in an era when no other means of getting to the "top of the world" existed.

This by the way, is the first United States stamp in which a dog or dogs are an essential part of the design. The success of this stamp will certainly open the way for other U.S. dog stamps in the future.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

MONHEGAN Island where Uncle Ben had his summer home was fourteen miles off shore. The children were awaiting the arrival of Uncle Ben aboard the Nancy B. at Boothbay Harbor with great expectations.

After the first greetings were over and they were all on board the Nancy B, Uncle Ben watched Eric and his own dog, Sam, get acquainted. Sam was a large powerful Newfoundland with a black coat that had a bronze tinge. He was a real sea dog. Sam had carried a life-saving line through the surf to a foundering ship and twice he had rescued men who were bigger than he was, by swimming them to shore through heavy breakers.

It didn't take Roger and Jeanie long to find their former playmates on the island and to make friends with several new ones. One of these was little Linda James. Although she was only half Jeanie's age, Jeanie liked to play with Linda because the little girl loved animals. She had a cocker spaniel named Sandy, who followed at her heels wherever she went, and a pet cat named Whitey, who was about to become a mother.

Paul was very popular with the children on the island. He was writing a book, but he was never too busy to stop and talk with them when they came to share their interests with him. During the war he had been with the medical corps and his knowledge of first aid often proved useful.

One morning Linda James came up on his porch with a very new kitten in her arms. "My cat, Whitey, just had her kitten and I can't find the others, or Whitey," she said to Paul.

"And where did you find this baby?" Paul handled it tenderly.

"I found it in the old shed where Grampie used to keep his cow," she said.

"I'd like to find the other kittens and put them in a nice clean box I fixed . . . Oh look, here's Jeanie and Eric. They'll help me find Whitey . . ."

Eric acted as if he had never seen a kitten before. Jeanie let him smell it and then he went out with Linda to find its mother. "Now you stay outside, Eric. You might scare the cat. It's dark in the shed."

Success! Linda was carrying the last kitten out of the shed when she stumbled and her bare feet caught on a rusty nail that was sticking out of an old board. She cried out with sudden pain as Jeanie caught her. Jeanie helped Linda to a bench outside and told Eric to stay with her while she went to get Paul. Jeanie brought Paul back quickly. Chatting cheerfully, he carried Linda to his cottage. After he had cleaned and bandaged Linda's foot he spoke to Uncle Ben about making arrangements to bring Linda to Boothbay Hospital for treatment.

Arrangements were made over the phone to have Linda picked up at the Ocean Point Harbor. The Nancy B. was made ready for a rough journey and Mrs. James was summoned to care for Linda on the way over to the mainland.

As the Nancy B. neared its destination Uncle Ben and Paul agreed that the surf was too rough to take Linda ashore by row-boat. Jeanie who had been allowed to go on the trip in order to console Linda, had been listening to their conversation. "Eric could do it," she said eagerly. Linda often rides on his back when we're in swimming. She hangs on to his fur. "It would save a lot of time and you told us about the other time Sam did it . . . remember . . . when you were visiting your friend in

"Eric,"

The Newf

by Gladys Chase Gilmore

Chapter VII

Playmates in Maine



Newfoundland? The little girl was sick and they couldn't land the boat because of the breakers . . . so they tied her to Sam's back and you kept yelling to him through your megaphone. You could see Sammy's black head when he came on top of a big roller . . . you told us all about it, and how he would disappear and then appear again swimming hard, then one huge breaker finally carried him in . . . He got through that time and the people on shore took the child to the hospital. So he saved her life . . . He could do it now . . ."

"But that other time was a question of life or death and there was no other way to get her ashore." Uncle Ben looked at Sam and patted him. "We don't have to run that kind of a risk. The Nancy B can take her right to the dock in Boothbay Harbor where the sea is calm. It may take a little time to get her into the Harbor . . . Eh, Paul?"

"That's the best plan, Ben. I'll see if I can speed up the engine a little. Could you use your megaphone to let those men on shore know what we are going to do?" And Paul went off to the engine room.

As soon as the Nancy B reached the sheltered side of the small islands they made good time and landed safely.

In less than a week Linda was back with all her friends Jeanie, Roger, Bobbie, Sandy, Sam and Eric.

Burro and the Bow-wow

By Willa Oldham



JIMMY, age two months, and Sandy, four months are both due for a surprise when they grow up.

When you live, as do their owners, Levi and Lynn, in a "wide spot in the road" on the Mojave Desert, playmates are scarce. Naturally the two children wanted friends. Because their living quarters adjoined the family's restaurant and service station, frequented by hunters, ranchers and tourists, the desires of the boy and girl were soon common knowledge to everyone. Truly in the spirit of the West, the neighbors set out to oblige, but finding pets in sparsely settled sections isn't simple.

Sandy came first. His sheepdog ancestry was used to the commotion caused by flocks of grazing sheep and the quiet campfire nights with his Indian masters, who kept their herd along the Colorado River. Maybe that's why Sandy seemed bewildered by a life full of clattering dishes and chatter of people who sat almost inanimate around the cafe denying him opportunity to guide them about as he instinctively felt his role should be.

The puppy did understand that Lynn was his "master" and followed her constantly; sometimes romping, sometimes sitting as she hugged him lovingly—at night at her feet before the fireplace, the nearest thing to a campfire he has found.

A four footed gift came to Levi a month later, brought by a distant cattle rancher. What a sight! Wobbly legs, over-sized head, a too fat tummy covered with soft but matted baby fur, the burro looked anything but healthy. He had been found in the hills on the Colorado Indian Reservation, deserted by the wild burro band to which his mother belonged.

The jackass looked so pathetic the family feared Levi's sudden attachment might have the bond broken. Fresh milk being a scarcity Levi's mother made gruel from rolled oats which Levi almost had to force between his friend's lips. Occasionally Jimmy could be persuaded to nibble some moist cornmeal. Too young for hay, he only used it to lie on passively, most of the day. He was a real problem.

But no one reckoned with Sandy until at breakfast one morning the family were

amazed to look out the window and see the dog with Jimmy—pushing him and nudging him onto his feet and then tugging him around by his rope into the sunshine. Soon the two became inseparable and the family decided Jimmy had not been sick—just homesick or lonesome. He perked up and looked like a respectable young mount.

Then one day Levi rushed out to his friend directly from the returning school bus and found no Jimmy or rope in sight.

Wise in desert lore, Levi's father pointed out that it would be easy to track Jimmy, especially with his rope dragging. An hour after the hunt began, in the binoculars, Levi spotted Jimmy and Sandy too, in the distance. Sandy was towing Jimmy along by his rope—headed for home.

"That proves it, son," Levi's dad commented. "Sandy thinks Jimmy is a sheep." When Lynn heard that, she added, "that isn't any funnier than Jimmy thinking Sandy is his mother."

"Yeh," agreed Levi, "won't they be surprised some day to find out different."

Since then, Sandy, as you see in the picture, hasn't trusted Jimmy. He spends most of his time, when not romping with Jimmy or following Lynn, holding onto Jimmy's rope—just in case!

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Dry as a Duck

By Gladys Jordan

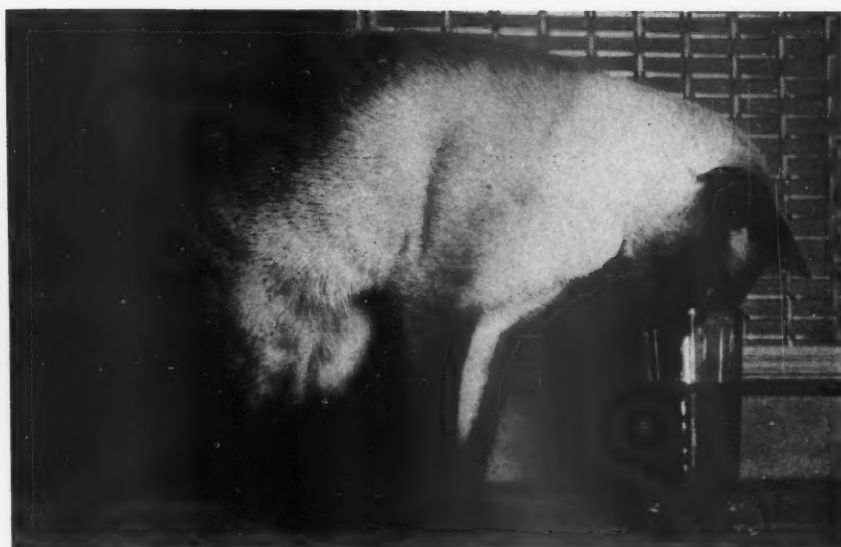
ANIMALS, both wild and domestic are part of our very life. Their habits and their characteristics are like unto our own. If you find this hard to believe, turn to the superstitions and beliefs of our ancestors; to the countless tales of wisdom and sagacity in the animal world.

The early Indians of America often gave animal names to their chiefs because of certain animal characteristics. Lynx, bear, beaver, fox, crow and many other names made them outstanding among their fellow tribesmen.

Our ancestors and we ourselves, all too often, use the name of an animal such as the bird or beast to express our sentiments in regard to some person.

The blacksmith, at his forge, was, 'strong as an ox', to his neighbors. The trusted servant, 'faithful as a dog', to his over-lord. The little old lady who lived down the street was, 'gentle as a lamb', or as another might say, 'gentle as a kitten'. The man who came and went like a shadow, was, as 'sly as a fox'. The school-teacher who was particularly successful in spotting the culprit who threw the chalk, had 'the eyes of an eagle', or, 'of a hawk'. A child who was forever having hair-breadth escapes, 'had more lives than a cat'. Also Tabby has a place in the phrase, 'curious as a cat'. The old man who sat long afternoons in the park; watching the passing crowds and feeding the squirrels, could, if he had been a bit closer, have heard a passer-by say, "There he sits, 'peaceful as a cow'". On the other hand, the irate butcher chasing the dogs away from his door, was, 'roaring like a lion', or 'bellowing like a bull'. Yet his wife was as 'quiet as a mouse'. The chubby little boy trying to keep up with his lean brother is said to be 'fat as a pig'. The deacon was a most sedate man and his wife was very meek, but, alas, their daughter was as 'flighty as a bird'. Many people short and round are said to 'waddle like a duck'. Many a boy is a good worker but 'stubborn as a mule'. . . . 'fierce as a tiger', 'wise as an owl', 'swims like a fish', are many phrases used by New Englanders. All over the world you will find similar ones. Where there are different animals there are different similes and comparisons made.

July 1959



Frank Ransier

Even the curiosity of a very blue-blooded Siamese cat can be piqued as was proven recently when the pet of Pat Ransier Balan of Ferndale, Michigan, lost control of his regal dignity and became intensely interested in the fizzing bubbles in a glass of gingerale.

Dampened Spirits

By Grace F. Thomson

WHAT should we do with our young Siamese cat, Peanut? He was so alert and so much fun—but he was a snooper—always looking for a bite of food or stepping into a kettle or pan.

He was disciplined with papers and sent scuttling away at the end of the dish towel or whatever I had in my hands. But my patience grew very thin and the mere sight of him invading the kitchen was a bad omen of impending trouble.

I was about to give up and take him to the humane shelter, but the children pleaded his case. He was so good natured, so friendly. He played with our toy fox terrier, Boots, by the hour. The youngsters would dress him up or wrap him in a blanket and he would never scratch them or try to get away. I left it up to them to think of some way to break him of snooping or else he had to go.

Barbara and I were shopping in a tent store and we saw a variety of water pistols on a counter.

"Say, mom, why don't you buy one of these and use it on Peanut?"

"I think it's a crazy idea, but we'll try it," I answered, not very enthusiastically.

I spent fifty cents. The next morning, I was armed to the teeth with a full quota of water, when Peanut made his usual nonchalant entrance into the kitchen and promptly jumped on the gas stove to see what was cooking.

I fired several times and hit the target. His yellow eyes dilated with surprise and dismay. He immediately retreated in complete rout, his long tail drooping. He was wet and his pride was injured.

After a few more daring attempts, each of which ended the same way, Peanut has become a model of decorum. I still keep the water pistol loaded and handy just in case he decides to take another chance. I believe that I have the snooping problem solved. He is now a member of the family in good standing; his outlaw days seem to be over for good.



I wish the neighbor's dog would go away so I could go out.



There is always one clown in

Picturing Po

Just a minute and you'll be ready for the drier.



SNAPSHOTS of pets merit an important place in anyone's family picture record, because a beloved pet is a genuine member of the family. The time to get a picture is now—while the kitten is still tiny and cute, while old Fido is still trotting with the kids to the school bus.

Photographing pets can bring wonderfully satisfying results, or something quite the opposite. The wrong way is to let Junior swoop up the animal and clutch him tightly while you snap. You won't get a real picture of your pet this way.

What you want to catch on the film are the characteristics that make you so fond of your pet. You want a picture that shows him as his natural self. This may take a little patience, but you will find it worth it.

As a preliminary, have your camera loaded and in some handy spot where you can reach it quickly. Then you will be ready when a good picture opportunity arises. When Tabby is stretched out at her most impressive self, for instance. In the same way you can catch Fido's eager pose as he waits at the door for the master to come home.

Adult animals do not present too many difficulties if you use judgment and wait for the proper



One clown in every group of kittens.

Pets Is Fun

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pose. As a precaution, never attract your dog's attention just before you snap as he will almost certainly come running toward you.

A good way to keep a young animal where you want him is to use a dish of food. You can select your camera angle, focus, and snap at your leisure while the pup or kitten laps a bowl of milk. You will have a true-to-life action pose, too.

Another method is to select ahead of time the exact spot where you wish the animal to be. After your camera is correctly aimed at this place, have an accomplice pick up the animal, set it on the selected spot and back him away quickly. In the instant before the subject starts running, you snap.

If you just can't make your pet stay put long enough for a quick snap, or if you are not sure of your ability to take a picture of him in motion, why not sneak up on him when he is sleeping and catch him then. A sleeping pet or kitten has the same look of appealing defenselessness as a sleeping baby. It's a picture that can't miss. For an added heart tug, place a favorite plaything; bone, ball, or old slipper, beside the slumberer. It will look as if he had dropped off exhausted after a happy romp.



A lamb's best friend is his guardian dog.

Mother knows best. It's about time we moved to a new home.



"Bluey," Nonagenarian



Mrs. Cerboneschi puts Bluey through her paces.

HOW many ninety-year-olds do you know who can jump like Bluey? For that is her approximate age measured in terms of human life. Her owners, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Cerboneschi, of Springfield, Massachusetts, taught her this little stunt many years ago. Today, at the ripe old age of seventeen years and nine months, all that her "Missy" has to do is to form a circle with her arms just above kitty's head and she takes the jumps as enthusiastically as any well trained steeple-chaser.

If you were to ask Bluey what the secret of her success is—and if she could speak—she would simply say, "good living." Yes, good living means a great deal, but good care is what brings about good living. Though Bluey is a purebred blue Persian cat, her start in life was not all that a cat fancier would have desired. For instance, when her owners called on her breeder in the fall of 1941, they found that Bluey was the last of a litter of four kittens. She was undersized for a kitten of barely three months, had intestinal trouble and a noticeable calcium deficiency. She had just one whisker which measured an inch and one-half in length and it seemed to point southeast.

What endeared her to her future owners was her determination not to be pushed around by the other kittens and

older cats, they being all white Persians. No matter whether it was "exhibition" time or feeding time, Bluey made sure that she came in for her share of all the "goodies."

Soon after Bluey was brought to her new home, a program of good care was instituted. First of all she was taken to the Rowley Memorial Hospital of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A., in Springfield, where she was given all the necessary inoculations by competent veterinarians and along with this, all the vitamins and other body building formulas kittens need for a proper start in life. A program of proper feeding has afforded Bluey a very happy and healthy life for many years during which time she has traveled annually with her owners on trips to Maine and Cape Cod.

Bluey enjoyed perfect health during this period of time. Then, beginning with the fifteenth year of her nine lives, a tumor began to form. It grew rapidly, and when Dr. Alexander Evans, Chief of Staff of the Rowley Memorial Hospital, examined her, he strongly advised an operation. Bluey got over this first hurdle nicely, largely due to the surgical skill of Dr. Evans and the post operative care she received from the attendants at the hospital.

Within six months from the time of the first operation, this grand old lady of the feline world had undergone two more major operations for other tumors. Each time, however, she bounced right back as if this business of being operated on were something to be taken in stride.

Bluey returned home from the hospital, her eyes bright and full of mischief and her friskiness belied the fact that she had had to face another serious ordeal. Her owners sincerely hope that their indestructible prize possession may now have a long rest from future surgical excursions.

Dog to Dog

Says one dog to the other dog: "I'm bored, tired and dejected."

"Why don't you see a psychiatrist?" the other dog said.

"A psychiatrist? You know I'm not allowed on couches!"

Parents Need a Dog, Too

By Lucille Campbell

THE day Terry came home carrying a whimpering, bedraggled, little puppy, a miracle happened to his entire personality. Right then, he had fire in his eyes; and his face was white with fury where it wasn't covered with dirt.

"Those boys were going to drown this puppy," he told me. "But they teased him first with a can on his tail. Mother, I picked up a stick and I made them all run!"

I looked at him utterly astonished. Could this fierce fellow be our timid little Terry. He'd never encountered that particular group of rough boys before without running home crying. His Dad had begun to wonder if Terry were a sissy.

Terry named the puppy Moppet; and as he began caring for him, we saw, first, a remarkable change in his ideas about property rights. Terry had always been in hot water with his older brother because he would invade Larry's room when he was absent, and play with and rearrange his possessions despite our punishing him for it. One day Moppet chewed up several of Terry's prized books. He was nearly crying when he showed them to me.

"I expect this is how Larry feels when you ruin his best things," I couldn't help suggesting. "And you know I've told you often to put things where they belong instead of on the floor and chairs."

I never found another thing of Terry's out of place, and he never went back to Larry's room without knocking.

There were other lessons Moppet taught Terry that his father and I had never been able to do. Instead of loitering after school, he came directly home to see how Moppet was. He'd now change to older clothes without a reminder so he could romp with the puppy. Before Moppet, we had to drag Terry out of bed to get him up before school-bus time. Now he began to rise early without a call, to feed and play with Moppet for a few minutes. In the evening, instead of retreating to read alone, he'd take Moppet and find his friends to play with him. As a man of property, he had a lot of pride and was no longer withdrawn.

"This little piggy went to market..."

Shoats Incorporated

By Margaret Henderson



MY farmer husband makes pets of his sows and they reward him by producing ridiculously big litters, all of which is a little foolish on their part, for usually they can't begin to accommodate all they produce. The first time I saw this phenomenon, Mama sow was grunting placidly, with eleven pink babies tugging at her vest buttons, while over in one corner stood two unhappy tiny piglets. Obviously, they had been rooted away from the soda fountain by their stronger relatives; as there were thirteen pigs and only eleven feeding stations. It seemed as if these two were going to get the short end of Nature's stick.

With a guilty conscience, I left the pen telling myself they would be all right, and besides, what business was it of mine. By the next morning, there was no use kidding even myself. The little runts were less active, more wobbly, and much more pitiful. So I was left holding the bag very literally—a bag which contained two scrubby and squeaky babies.

It was winter, and it was cold, and I had no choice but to take the naked little mites up to the house, where I bedded them down in a box, and hung a heat lamp over them. I proceeded to learn about

bottle-feeding orphan pigs. In due course, I discovered they did best on a formula such as a baby takes, and require a two a.m. feeding just like their human counterpart. After about a week, they can be graduated to a small pan, and put back in the pigpen, still with a heat lamp. By this time, they are your pigs, and if they could talk, they would stand up and call you "Mom". They "stand up", in any case, each time you go down to feed them—cloven hooves pawing your jeans or what have you—and you go the rest of the day emanating the faint fragrance of pig.

Five-year-old Anne has been surrounded

by piggies since she was born, and she accepts them as a natural part of the family. She eagerly awaits each sow's blessed event, and is highly disappointed when all the babies are able to stay with their natural "ma". She can handle them as expertly as I can now, and often takes over the chore of feeding them. It was a real bonanza for her once when the stork went crazy and left nineteen piglets in a single litter. We had seven in the house all at one time that trip. Just for fun, and because a pig is a natural-born clown, we turned them all loose one day, and they went chirruping through the rooms like squirrels, poking their inquisitive little rubber noses into everything. One found the warmth of the stove and settled down to sleep underneath, sending the cat screaming in horror. She had never experienced squatter's rights before.

Each time after a session with pigs, as I go about my housekeeping with bleary eyes and a short temper, I vow it is the LAST time. But when I stand beside the pigpen next week, or next month, and see a shivering, squealing piglet—my hard old heart will crack and fall apart in a thousand pieces, and before I know it, I'll have gone to the pigs again!





Award to Poster Artist

HAROLD BESTON (center) who attends the seventh grade of St. Joseph's School in Quincy, Massachusetts and whose poster was entered in our yearly poster contest this year, receives a Special Award Certificate from Lester A. Giles, Jr., Director of Education of The American Humane Education Society, in the presence of his pastor, Reverend John

T. Allison of St. Joseph's Church.

Harold's poster, in addition to being given a prize in the contest was so appealing that it was adopted as the official Be Kind to Animals Week poster for this year's celebration. Several thousand copies were printed and distributed to schools and exhibited in store windows throughout the state.



Our Exhibit

Goes to the Islands

THE Public Relations Department has announced that on July 13 and 14 the Societies will have an exhibit in the High School Auditorium at Nantucket and July 16 and 17 this exhibit will be on display at the Boy's Club in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard.

This exhibit has been viewed by thousands from Maine to Florida and was presented, as a gift, to the Societies by an out-of-state member. This member, who wishes to remain anonymous, felt that the international scope and varied activities of the Societies' work could best be shown to the public in this manner. The exhibit is composed of panels showing the work of the various departments, hospitals and branches of the organiza-



tions, not only in this country but also abroad.

Staff members from Boston will be on hand to answer any questions interested people may have and will include President Eric H. Hansen, Vice-President William A. Swallow, Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle, Chief-of-Staff of the Society's Angell Memorial Hospital, John C. Macfarlane, Director of Livestock Conservation, J. Robert Smith, Executive Assistant, J. Robert McLane, Director of Public Relations and Miss Geraldine McGee, of the same department.

Attending from the local area will be Dr. William Wilcox, Ernest Lema, George Jackson and Harold Andrews. It is hoped that people on the Islands will take advantage of the above dates and meet with the Societies' officials and view this beautiful exhibit.



Charlotte Kelly and Jimmy pose with Archie Hollows (left) and President Eric H. Hansen.



Jimmy gives the nod to his owner, Bigelow Crocker as Dr. Hansen inspects the new hackamore.

Humane Training Program

A 14-year-old girl riding a two-year-old bay colt made a pretty picture.

But to the people watching the riding demonstration—including Dr. Eric H. Hansen, president of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A.—the girl and the colt represented an important step in the humane method of training and breaking horses.

The demonstration took place at the estate of Bigelow Crocker. Mr. Crocker was directly responsible for the use of the new breaking method in Fitchburg,

having selected and modified the new type bridle which is the key to the breaking procedure.

The girl, Charlotte Kelly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmond C. Kelly, has become a good friend to "Jimmy", the colt. Their friendship began last summer when Mr. Crocker made the decision to put the new training method in practice in Fitchburg.

The method calls for the use of a new hackamore, a halter in which bits and all

metal are eliminated. The training procedure requires care and patience but during many workouts throughout last fall and this spring—with time off during the winter months—the tender treatment paid off.

That was clearly demonstrated recently when "Jimmy" was put through his paces by the young rider. Also on hand to marvel at the demonstration were Councilor Archie Hollows, local agent for the Society and an experienced horseman.



Miss Kelly and Jimmy, who lets Dr. Hansen hold his new halter.



A proud couple, horse and rider, after the training is over.



YOUNG READER'S



Edna Markham.

*Chum does a lot of different tricks
Like saying prayers and playing dead,
But when he sees his bath prepared,
He runs and hides beneath the bed!*

By Edna Markham

A Sick Seagull

By Arlene Patrick

ONE day last summer I saw a seagull lying in the sand. He looked half-starved. I took him right home and made him comfortable. When I tried to feed him he kept on choking and the food wouldn't go down. That night I stayed up with the seagull and tried to see if I could help him to eat. It was useless. Everytime he swallowed he would give a faint cry. Toward morning I fell asleep. When I awoke my mother told me that my father went out to bury it. I cried all day.

However, now I have a dog who is three months old. I think animals are the nicest and sweetest companions any humans ever will have.

JINGLE: a 4. cat, b 2. dog, c 3. bear, d 1. sheep.

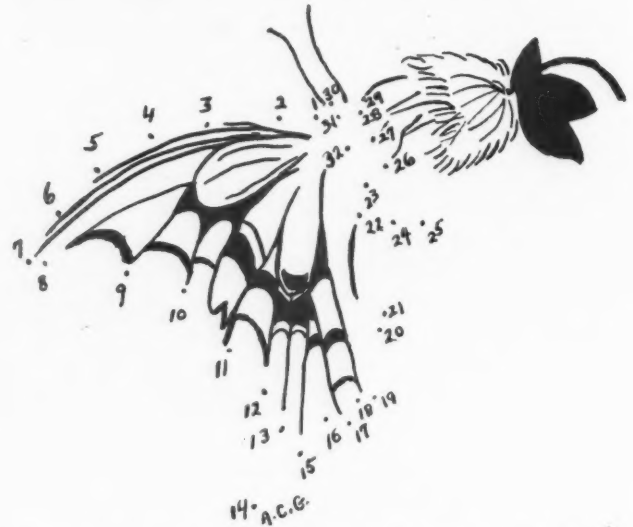
CRITTER CORNER

WHERE: Channel 4, WBZ-TV

WHEN? Every Saturday morning, 9:30 a.m.

WHO? John Macfarlane, host, and an assortment of fascinating animal friends.

EVEN YOUR PETS WILL LIKE IT



I am gorgeous and yellow with black stripes. I drink the nectar of flowers with my long tube-like mouth. I was not always what I am now and though small in size I'm known to be a great traveller. WHO AM I? (if you'll connect the dots 1 to 32) I'll appear! You may then color me yellow or orange or any color you prefer.

My Cats

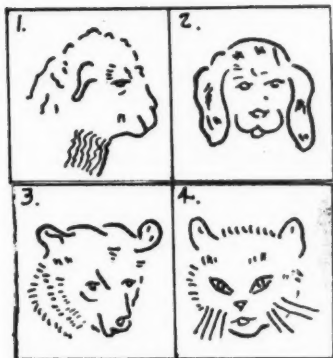
By Sherry H. Arell

MY cats are lots and lots of fun. They are both as black as night. One is named Haram and the other is named Fuzzy Wuzzy. They are so cute and funny. They sit and wash each others necks, and protect my dog Toby. Below is a picture of Haram.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

PAGES



Puzzle

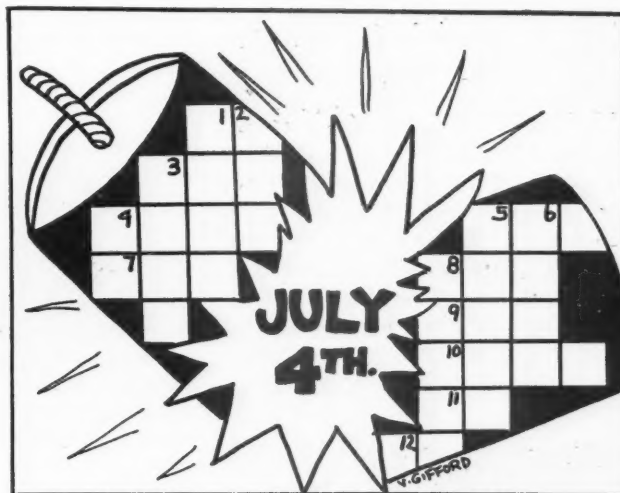
Jingle

By Violet Roberts

Complete the rhymes by filling the blanks with the names of animals illustrated in the sketch.



- (a) A mouse and a rat
A kitten and a — — —
- (b) A pig and a hog
A pup and a — — —
- (c) A rabbit and a hare
A cub and a — — —
- (d) Awake and asleep
A lamb and a — — —

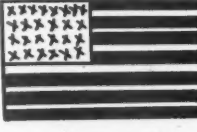

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE: (Across)—1. fa, 3. ill, 4. trap, 5. hat, 7. nog, 8. cab, 9. ave!, 10. bell, 11. in, 12. on. (Down)—1. flag, 2. Alp, 3. iron, 4. m, 5. haven, 6. Abel, 8. cabin.



ACROSS

DOWN

- 1. NOTE IN SCALE.
- 3. NOT WELL.
- 4. MICE ARE CAUGHT IN THIS.
- 5. 
- 7. EGG —.
- 8. A TAXI.
- 9. HAIL!
- 10. 
- 11. WITHIN.
- 12. UPON.

- 1. 
- 2. SWISS MOUNTAIN.
- 3. 
- 4. TOWN - ABBY.
- 5. HARBOR.
- 6. SECOND SON OF ADAM.
- 8. A ROOM ON A SHIP.



"No one here but us chickens and a duck!"

Readers on Review



"This is 'Harry', a three-year-old Newfoundland, who is also a Blue ribbon winner, and 'Punko', an eight-year-old yellow pet. They are taking a two hour siesta every afternoon on the well top. The people that brought Punko to us as a kitten had a flat tire on the way, so his name became puncture, Punko for short."—A. G. Macomber, Holliston, Mass.



"This little photograph is the direct result of kindness and understanding to a homeless little Dachshund from Mrs. Winthrop Endicott of New Jersey. Seventy-eight years old Miss Gertrude O. Lewis, great grand aunt of Susan Endicott (the little girl in the picture), while in high school, was instrumental in seeking the aid and services of Mr. George T. Angell in laying the foundation of the Connecticut Humane Society of Hartford."—Edna M. Nelson, West Hartford, Conn.



"I can remember very well how proudly I wore the Humane button when I was a youngster in school . . . I am now 62 years young and a devoted reader of ODA. At the bottom of column one "Tippie", relaxing in the sun, and being joined by a 'friend' from a near-by duck pond."—Elizabeth Marlow, South Gate, California.



"Skippy was good and true." He had a smile and a kiss for those he loved. The whole neighborhood will miss him."—Grace I. Dunham, West Bridgewater, Mass.



"Those in the (above) picture are left to right, Robert McCarthy, Dr. Victor La Branche, and Gerry Tuck. The boys are Haverhill high school students. These same boys a few days after bringing the wounded duck to me brought a small abandoned kitten they found on the highway."—Mrs. Frank Sweeney, Haverhill, Mass.

"The cow says, 'moo-moo', the dog says, 'bow-wow', the duck says, 'quack-quack', Mommie says, 'no-no'."—Two-year-old reported in PARENTS.



Lost in a Gully

By Ethel Crane

HUDDLED against Kola, a mixed bred Husky-Shepherd, Rusty Sowell was found in a rain-swept gully after having been lost for eighteen hours. Kola is the pet of Mark Thress, Rusty's playmate. Both the dog and the young boy, three years old, had become great friends since Rusty had moved into the neighborhood. In fact, it seemed as though Kola considered the Sowell's as his second home.

One thousand and fifty searchers from in and around Dana Point, California including Boy Scouts, Civil Defense workers and five hundred Marines from El Toro Marine Corp Air Station and Camp Pendleton. Two helicopters and four private planes joined in the search.

Rusty was found early on a rainy February morning asleep and unharmed. Mrs. Sowell said, "All during that terrible 18 hours waiting ordeal my thoughts kept going to the idea that as long as Kola stayed with Rusty he would be alright. I was so right—Thank God! When they found them Monday morning Kola was laying on top of Rusty. If she didn't save his life from other elements of the rugged cattle range she certainly kept him protected from the worst storm in years. Why, Rusty didn't even catch a cold although he was soaking wet and shivering when they found him.

The people of Dana Point are trying to get Kola an award and I certainly hope they succeed."

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

Publications by American Humane Education Society 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

Please enclose remittance with orders. Price includes postage.

Leaflets on the care and feeding of pets:	Single	Dozen	Hundred
Care of a Pet Rabbit	5c	30c	\$1.75
Parrot and Parakeet Book	25c	—	—
A Loyal Friend	—	20c	\$1.50
Care of the Dog	5c	50c	\$3.50
Suggestions for Feeding Growing Dogs	10c	95c	\$6.00
First Aid to Animals	5c	50c	\$4.00
Eulogy on the Dog, by Sen. Vest (post card)	—	25c	\$1.25
Cushioned Claws	—	20c	\$1.50
The Beggar Cat (post card)	—	25c	\$1.25
Care of the Cat	5c	50c	\$3.50
The Eternal Turtle	—	40c	\$3.00
Parakeets as Pets	—	20c	\$1.50
Care of the Horse	10c	75c	\$4.50

The following material will suggest units of study that will help elementary teachers to create attitudes of kindness toward pets and other animals and a feeling of personal responsibility and appreciation for natural resources:

You and Your Dog	5c	40c	\$3.00
What Do You Know About Animals?	5c	50c	\$3.50
Ways of Kindness	—	40c	\$3.00
Cruelty at Eastertime	—	40c	\$3.00
Nature Study in the Camp Program	—	30c	\$2.00
Junior Humane Society pins (dog, cat, and bird on red background)	—	40c	\$3.00
Junior Humane Society Membership Cards	—	12c	\$1.00
Animal Plays:			
The Kindness Train	10c	80c	\$6.00*
One Morning Long Ago	10c	75c	\$5.00*
Care of the Cat (35 mm. black and white film-strip which comes complete with teacher's manual)	\$2.50	—	—
Nature Games, by Dr. W. G. Vinal	25c	(lots of two or more, 20c; lots of twenty-five or more, 17c)	
Nature Guides' Dictionary, by Dr. W. G. Vinal	25c	(lots of two or more, 20c; lots of twenty-five or more, 17c)	
Dog and Cat Care	—	60c	\$4.00
Power of Kindness	—	60c	\$4.00
Teaching with Toads and Turtles	—	60c	\$4.00

Other Material:

	Single	Dozen	Hundred
Be Kind to Animals Blotters	—	20c	\$1.25
Pic, Barb and Sword	—	20c	\$1.50

The monthly magazine OUR DUMB ANIMALS with pictures, stories, articles and a children's page is 15 cents per copy and \$1.50 per year.

Please enclose ten cents for any order to help defray the cost of handling and mailing. In lots of 500 10% discount on 100 price. In lots of 1,000 25% discount on 100 price.

*Discounts do not apply.

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Appeal for Scholarships

*A*T our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital we are sorely in need of additional funds if we are to carry on our intern training program, and we have reached the conclusion that donations in the form of scholarships would be the real solution to this great problem.

Each year we receive a great many applications from students at veterinary colleges all over the country requesting that, upon graduation, they be considered as participants in our internship program. These applications are most carefully evaluated by all the members of our veterinary staff who select six of the most capable applicants — the most promising young men and women in their classes—to intern at our hospital for a period of fifteen months.

In order to become a veterinarian, a minimum of six years' education is required. Sometimes, students who are most anxious to serve their internships with us do not apply because they are unable to cope with the financial burden of fifteen months' additional study. By the same token, some of the men selected are married and have children, and can intern only at considerable hardship to themselves and to their families.

We hope that our good friends and members will wish to help out these young veterinarians by contributing a scholarship to our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, the cost of which is \$3,000. We cannot emphasize strongly enough that only through the continuance of this very important program can we, at this largest of all animal hospitals, hope to impart to these new veterinarians our wealth of knowledge which will contribute to improved care and treatment of our animal friends in the years to come. As a result of these internships at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, scientific study and writings are made available for the benefit of animals everywhere — not only in this country but throughout the entire world.

It is our hope, therefore, that this new idea of scholarships for our hospital will meet with the approval of many of our readers who, in turn, will wish to lend financial assistance to this most worthy cause.

Such gifts, which are deductible under existing Internal Revenue rulings, may be sent to the Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

